THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILL. SHENSTONE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

——————Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles. VIRG.

IMITATION.

——————Right well I call to mind
When (yet a boy) whole suns and lengthen'd days
I oft employ'd in chanting sylvan lays.

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The list'ning herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave:
The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand,
And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flow'rs; and every ray
Of each fond Muse with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd;
The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,
All Nature smil'd when Shenstone sung.

VERSES by---

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHN BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES, MORAL PIECES,

&c. &c. &c.

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold,
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook was sold.----

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend:
He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.----

He sigh'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As though the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

ELEGY III.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

ODES, &c.

ODE TO HEALTH, 1730.

O HEALTH! capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place;
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial Fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And tho' with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim,
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the tim'rous game.

Is thought thy foe? Adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and vallies roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet 'midst his unremitting snows
The poor Laponian's bosom glows,
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow nor said a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bless'd than I?
When the glad schoolboy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include,
What other breasts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mould'ring cell,
And bless'd with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

Temperance should guard the doors;
From room to room should Mem'ry stray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores——

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, Fair Queen! alone.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY, 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue
Thro' endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To sooth the miseries they show?
What like the bliss for him decreed
Who tends his flock and tunes his reed?

Say, wretched Fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simplest hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain;
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb,
Then from the tow'ring heights they scale,
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd when you are nigh?
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold
While you so fair a proof unfold?
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That Bliss with toilsome Science dwells,
And happiest he who most excels?

ANACREONTIC, 1738.

'Twas in a cool Aonian glade
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade,
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour
The world, I ween, may rest in peace,

And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor Child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artill'ry hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of Love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and ev'ry dart,
Dipp'd in the Muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire!
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to swell the lyre,
And Echo asks no sweeter song.

ODE.

Written 1739.

Urit spes animi credula mutui? HOR.

IMITATION.

Fond hope of a reciprocal desire
Inflames the breast.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone
That Love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted pow'r display'd;
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view;
Her lips, with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes, conspire
To prove the charmer kind——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By envy's self admir'd;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might ev'ry Grace adorn
What ev'ry Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
Which lovesick swains endure;
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart,
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

But, ah! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love
Experience hourly shows.
Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
On ev'ry charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes;
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his fate;
Till led by fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove,
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With tow'ring hopes supply'd:
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs,
Then took the field—and dy'd.

UPON A VISIT TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

In Winter, 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now,
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays;
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams,
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
No cheerful azure decks the sky,
Yet still we bless the louring day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom,
Accuse his loit'ring hours no more,
But, ah! their envious haste deplore.

For soon from Wit and Friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year
On savage plains and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone;
But 'mid the flow'ry sweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

ODE TO MEMORY, 1748.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropp'd by time,
And, suff'ring not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime,
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight
With which my favour'd crook she bound,
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd,
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bow'r,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide,
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side,
If so thou mayst those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite——
But, sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams;
Or by the soft'ning pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly-vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow,
That nothing should my soul inspire
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive pow'r depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode;
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and, pensive, say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But, ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

VERSES

Written towards the Close of the Year 1748,

TO WILLIAM LYTTELTON, ESQ.

How blithly pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was ev'ry flow'r!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore,
And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In quest of joy they steer,
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn
To weep the parting year!

O pensive autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of ev'ry drooping tree.

Ah! let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter! haste, usurp the sky;
Complete my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
Yon sick'ning leaves retain,
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbless'd I gaze around,
My distant scenes require,
Where, all in murky vapours drown'd,
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung,
Yet how should we the months regard
That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah! luckless months, of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
The roofs they lov'd before,
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed,
While hounds, and horns, and yells unite,
To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields! with blighted herbage brown,
Ye skies! no longer blue,
Too much we feel from Fortune's frown
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsully'd green?
The Zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet friendship's cordial mien
That brighten'd ev'ry vale?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store?
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can sooth our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise
In yon sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise,
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my Friend! forlorn and sad,
I grave your Thomson's name,
And there his lyre, which Fate forbade
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless wo,
And faster than the dropping fount
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground,
And Spring will there again be seen
To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah! Spring! thou never canst repair
This loss to Damon's bow'r.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

After Sickness, 1749.

Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.
IMITATION.
His wish'd-for presence will improve the song.

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone,
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay,
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:
O Sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams!

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song,
And thus in feeble strains, and slow,
The loit'ring numbers 'gan to flow.

" Come, gentle Air! my languid limbs restore,
" And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore,
" For sure I heard the tender sighs,
" I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
" Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
" Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love;
" To that unjoyous clime,
" Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies,
" Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes,
" And banish'd in their prime.

" Come, gentle Air! and while the thickets bloom,
" Convey the jasmine's breath divine,
" Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
" Nor spare the sweet-leaf'd eglantine;
" And mayst thou shun the rugged storm
" Till Health her wonted charms explain,
" With Rural Pleasure in her train,
" To greet me in her fairest form;
" While from this lofty mount I view
" The sons of Earth, the vulgar crew,
" Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray,
" And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious way.

" Come, gentle Air! and thou, celestial Muse!
" Thy genial flame infuse,
" Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
" And gild Retirement's gloomy shade;

"Enough to rear such rustic lays
"And foes may slight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim,
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of op'ning flowers,
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabea's blooming vales:
But, ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By prescripts more refin'd,
Neglect their vot'ry's anxious moan:
Oh! how should they relieve?—the Muses all were flown.

By flow'ry plain or woodland shades
I fondly sought the charming maids;
By woodland shades or flow'ry plain
I sought them, faithless maids! in vain;
When, lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where Zeal and Friendship lead,
To visit L****'s honour'd bower.
Ah! foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,
When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear,
My fugitives are found!

The Muses here attune their lyres,
Ah! partial, with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace
How ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
From their arrangement gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wild'ring maze,
Bedeck'd with ev'ry shrub that blows,
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose;
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome,
Or 'mid the decorated space
Assign'd the laurell'd bust a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of show;
And now from ev'ry task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, said I,
And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry:
Have I for this with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop ev'ry winding shore,
And fringe with ev'ry purple rose
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treach'rous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale Disease and tort'ring Pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song or plan the shade;
By genuine Fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd.

Thus I my rage and grief display,
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

RURAL ELEGANCE,

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray,
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn
Will aught the Muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural Thanes! that o'er the mossy down
Some panting tim'rous hare pursue,
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See, from the neighb'ring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

'Nor yet, ye Swains! conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish, boast disown;
Yours be the produce of the soil;
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain!

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 't is true;
But tho' the pebbled shores among
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flow'ry robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:

Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk before you cry 'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye Learn'd! nor yet, ye Courtly Train!
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd.
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble harebell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wand'ring sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!

What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
The tow'ring Muse endures not to disclose:
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea:
Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
His breast, to admiration prone,
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with Form's oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great,
When, cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat.

Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of Pow'r, unknown to half man-
kind?

Ah! can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires;
While studies of the moral theme,
She to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swains' inglorious day,
Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey
How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!

On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And ev'ry Muse prophetic smil'd.
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
Or on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove
All Nature's charms immense, and Heav'n's unbounded love.

And, oh! the transport most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around;
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead,
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or thro' meand'ring mazes lead,
Or in the horrid brambles room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom,
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all [the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!

While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy;
While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own
Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There, while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? for use?
For preservation? Ev'ry sphere
Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear;
And sure there seem, of humankind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;

Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To sooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its long vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands, from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of Fancy flew;
There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To share her proud control;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each rustic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,
Awhile the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we seem to fly
On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
Where all is wondrous, all is bright:

Now, landed on some spangled shore,
Awhile each dazzled maniac roves,
By sapphire lakes thro' em'rald groves:
Paternal acres please no more;
Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams;
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves and wonted streams,
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes Dis-
[guise.
Then hither oft ye Senators! retire;
With Nature here high converse hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid!
Friendship in artless guise array'd,

Honour and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more
divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heav'n ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim?
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The woodlark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless Art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!

Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial Heav'n demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy;
They only that deserve enjoy.

What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountains rove?
Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
A train of smiling Virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wand'rer's brow.

And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war,
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their councils jar.

'Tis hers to meditate the peace;
Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havoc and contention cease.
I see the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build,
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the
[field.

Begin, ye Songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye Lev'rets! freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the Morn;
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane,
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

ODE TO INDOLENCE, 1750.

Ah! why for ever on the wing
Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird that draws his name
From Paradise's honour'd groves,
Careless fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the resting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should ling'ring thought invade,
Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows,
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy vot'ry shall be found,
What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy Race! ye factious Train!
That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine,
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant Queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r,
If e'er I sway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
Each unavailing sigh remove,
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

Somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression.

SURVEY, my Fair! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray,
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And, oh! may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat
Can ev'ry study'd grace excel;
Let Art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd;
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

WRITTEN IN

A FLOWER BOOK

Of my own colouring, designed for Lady Plymouth, 1753-4.

Debitae nymphis opifex coronae. HOR.

IMITATION,

Constructor of the tributary wreath
For rural maids.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame
To crown this fair, this peerless, dame!
  But, ah! since envious Winter lours,
And Hewel meads resign their flow'rs,
Let Art and Friendship's joint essay
Diffuse their flow'rets in her way.
  Not Nature can, herself, prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love!

THE DYING KID.

> Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
> Prima fugit. VIRG.
>
> IMITATION.
>
> Ah! wretched mortals we! our brightest days
> On fleetest pinions fly.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye
To think yon playful Kid must die;
From crystal spring and flow'ry mead
Must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell,
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood,
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care,
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful Kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! soon eras'd from ev'ry grove
Were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care,
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date,
And I will join my tend'rest sighs
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

ODE.

So dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend,
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon! born when ev'ry Muse,
When ev'ry Grace, benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could choose
To bless her lov'd, her only child;
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flow'ry tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come, then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the Dryads of the woods
Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame sits list'ning for thy lays
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And flutt'ring on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast;
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

ODE.

To be performed by Dr. Brettle, and a Chorus of Hales Owen Citizens. The Instrumental Part a Viol d'Amour.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I say, awake, good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come, let 's be merry; stir the tipple;
How can you sleep
Whilst I do play? How can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great Musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take,
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'t was made by Handel,
A wight of skill and judgment deep!
Zoonters, they 're gone—Sal, bring a candle——
No, here is one, and he 's asleep.

DUETTE.

DR. —How could they go [*Soft music.*
Whilst I do play?

SAL. —How could they go! [*Warlike music.*
How should they stay? 21

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

A Ballad, alluding to a Story recorded of her when she was Prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tripp'd around in all their pride,
Envying joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
"Who would bid those scenes adieu?
"Stranger to the arts of malice,
"Who would ever courts pursue?

"Malice never taught to treasure,
"Censure never taught to bear;
"Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
"Love is all the damsel's care.

"How can they of humble station
"Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
"Or accuse the dispensation
"Which allows them all to love?

"Love, like air, is widely giv'n:
"Pow'r nor Chance can these restrain;
"Truest, noblest, gifts of Heav'n!
"Only purest on the plain!

"Peers can no such charms discover,
"All in stars and garters drest,
"As on Sundays does the lover
"With his nosegay on his breast.

"Pinks and roses in profusion,
"Said to fade when Chloe's near;
"Fops may use the same allusion,
"But the shepherd is sincere.

"Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
"Cheerly o'er the brimming pail,
"Cowslips all around her springing
"Sweetly paint the golden vale.

"Never yet did courtly maiden
"Move so sprightly, look so fair;
"Never breast with jewels laden
"Pour a song so void of care.

"Would indulgent Heav'n had granted
"Me some rural damsel's part!
"All the empire I had wanted
"Then had been my shepherd's heart.

"Then with him o'er hills and mountains,
"Free from fetters, might I rove,
"Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
"Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

"Rustics had been more forgiving,
"Partial to my virgin bloom:
"None had envy'd me when living,
"None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

NANCY OF THE VALE.

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae!
Candidior cygnis! hedera formosior alba!

IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' blooming child,
More sweet than thyme by Hybla * bees exhal'd,
Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold
Than ivy's purest white.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day;

When from an hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

* Hybla—a moutain in Sicily, famous for producing the finest honey.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
"The paths of wanton love,
"While weeping maids lament their change,
"And sadden ev'ry grove:

"But endless blessings crown the day
"I saw fair Esham's dale!
"And ev'ry blessing find its way
"To Nancy of the Vale.

"'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
"Diffus'd her lovely beams,
"And ev'ry shining glance display'd
"The Naiad of the streams.

"Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
"That float on Avon's tide,
"Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
"And glitt'ring near its side:

"Fresh as the bord'ring flowers her bloom,
"Her eye all mild to view;
"The little halcyon's azure plume
"Was never half so blue.

"Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
"So taper, straight, and fair;
"Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
"How charming sweet they were!

"Far in the winding vale retir'd,
"This peerless bud I found,
"And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
"To fence her beauties round.

"That Nature in so lone a dell
"Should form a nymph so sweet!
"Or Fortune to her secret cell
"Conduct my wand'ring feet!

"Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
"But she would ne'er incline:"
"Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine.

"'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
"Has won my right good will;
"To him I gave my plighted vow,
"With him I'll climb the hill."

"Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
"I clasp'd the constant fair;
"To her alone I gave my youth,
"And vow my future care.

"And when this vow shall faithless prove,
"Or I those charms forego,
"The stream that saw our tender love,
"That stream shall cease to flow.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

'Twas in a land of learning,
The Muses' fav'rite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
Where books were in great plenty,
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour
Than I could write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermine less refin'd, Sir;
But this a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd,
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast half the morning
He constantly attended,
And when the bell rung
For ev'ning song
His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us,
And would make no more
Of King Arthurs* by the score
Than—all the world beside does.

In books of geography
He made the maps to flutter;
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to overdose him,
To check its rage
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him—

A Trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on 't,
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on 't.

With cheese, not books, 't was baited;
The fact—I 'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books when he has other diet.

* By Blackmore.

But more of Trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together.

Both Trap and bait were vanish'd
Thro' a fracture in the flooring,
Which tho' so trim
It now may seem
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat, which thus did seize on
The Trap, less claim to reason
Than many a scull among ye?

Dan Prior's Mice, I own it,
Were vermine of condition;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England 's topsyturvy
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since Traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermine,
But vermine * take our Traps, Sir.

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em,
Lest they grow as learn'd as we
In our studies, where, d' ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains,
Good luck betide our cats, Sir,
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD.

Written about the time of his Execution, in the Year 1745.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear!
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty! peerless maid!
Do thou a pensive ear incline,
For thou canst weep at ev'ry wo,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain,
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear;
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd;
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his truelove's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With falt'ring voice she, weeping, said,
"O Dawson! monarch of my heart!
"Think not thy death shall end our loves,
"For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
"And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
"O George! without a pray'r for thee
"My orisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life
"Would crown a never-dying flame,
"And every tender babe I bore
"Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
"To yonder ignominious tree,
"He shall not want one constant friend
"To share the cruel Fates' decree."

O! then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly lov'd so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd,
And mangled was that beauteous breast
On which her lovesick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to ev'ry heart prefer,
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 't was moulder'd into dust,
"Yet, yet," she cry'd, "I follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show
"The pure, the lasting love I bore:
"Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,
"And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due,
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A BALLAD.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. HOR.

PROVERBIALIZ'D

Every one to his liking.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
To bring down a wife whom the swains might admire;
But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddess objected the length of the way.

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor India to see,
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and
Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forgo the full box for his lonesome abode,
O Heav'ns! she should faint, she should die on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'t was in vain to require it,
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet singers of Ruck-
Where the citizen matron seduces her cuckold; [holt,
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,
And the music, the lamps, and the glare, of Vauxhall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else than in Town;
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SONG*.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few,
While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

* The following Songs were written chiefly between the year 1737 and 1742.

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This, too, she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial Swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG. THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bow'rs
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the Landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see;
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.

SONG.

Ye gentle Nymphs and gen'rous Dames
That rule o'er ev'ry British mind!
Be sure ye sooth their am'rous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind:

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away,
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 't were a free-born swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan,
Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear nor links of steel
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who Beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

SONG. THE SKYLARK.

Go, tuneful Bird! that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's wo,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

IMITATION.

Why should I wish to banish sore disease,
Unless returning health my Delia please?

On ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain;
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine, so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield,
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon insincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, Swains! my Friends! declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG.

The Attribute of Venus.

Yes; Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;
But still, to perfect ev'ry grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves;
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my Fair! and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG, 1742.

When bright Roxana treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day,
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely Maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same,
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1743.

'Tis said that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny,
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends,
And owns upon her friendly aid
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird, or flow'r,
To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r!——
How would his humble homage tow'r
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish, to change.

SONG, 1743.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n; in vain;
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance
To see the loit'ring aids advance.

Not more the schoolboy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaus
In radiant bands my fair enclose?
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green;
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG, 1744.

The lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow;
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day;
Awhile we see the tempest low'r,
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
In ev'ry raptur'd note express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG, 1744.

Perhaps it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia 's nigh;
Where wit and sense like hers agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is——it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG, 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot, appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye;
No pyramid's aërial height,
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see ?
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG. WINTER, 1746.

No more, ye warbling Birds! rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preserves her voice,
And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my lovesick limbs I lay
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmur seems to say
" She never will be kind!"

The Naiads o'er their frozen urns
In icy chains repine,
And each in sullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost control;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

SONG. THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care, [rill,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue;
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

SONG. THE ROSE-BUD.

"See, Daphne! see," Florelio cry'd,
"And learn the sad effects of pride;
"Yon shelter'd Rose, how safe conceal'd!
"How quickly blasted when reveal'd!

"The sun with warm attractive rays
"Tempts it to wanton in the blaze;
"A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
"And all its blushing radiance dies.

"So you, my Fair! of charms divine,
"Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
"Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
"Tho' here more happy, more secure.

"The breath of some neglected maid
"Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
"A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
"As to the Rose an eastern wind."

The nymph reply'd—"You first, my Swain!
"Confine your sonnets to the plain;
"One envious tongue alike disarms
"You of your wit, me of my charms.

"What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
"Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
"What, unadmir'd, a charming mien?
"Or what the Rose's blush unseen?"

SONG. DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE Birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love;
My Daphne with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye Flow'rs! before her footsteps rise,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That she your op'ning charms may see,
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
And shed its odours round my bow'r;
Or never more, O gentle Wind!
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

Ye Streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair,
Or oh! 't will deepen my despair.

And thou, my Grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG.

Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

Adieu, ye jovial Youths! who join
To plunge Old Care in floods of wine,
And as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove!
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire;
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

SONG.

Imitated from the French.

Yes, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!

In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains,
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be still tho', my Heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs!
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursu'd,
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!
But be still, my fond Heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

SONG.

When bright Ophelia treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day,
Methinks to my enchanted eye
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

"O lovely maid! propitious hear,
"Nor think thy Damon insincere.
"Pity my wild delusive flame;
"For tho' the flow'rs are still the same,
"To me they languish or improve,
"And plainly tell me that I love."

SONG.

When first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how gay!
To see Asteria, queen of May!——
The persons round her praises sung!
The steeples with her praises rung!——
I thought—no sight that e'er was seen
Could match the sight of Barel's Green.

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd—
The chief of poets, and the pride—

Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre;
Their lovely season now is o'er;
Thy notes, Florelio, please no more—
No more Asteria's smiles are seen—
Adieu—the sweets of Barel's green!—

THE HALCYON.

Why, o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder Halcyon speed so fast?
'T is all because she would not lose
Her fav'rite calm, that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray,
And, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

"Descend," she cries, "thou hated show'r,
"Deform my limpid waves to-day,
"For I have chose a fairer hour
"To take my fill of love and play!"

You, too, my Silvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll,
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme,
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms
As yonder Halcyon skims the stream.

MORAL PIECES.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming spring descends from genial skies,
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise,
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,
Will Lyttelton the rural landscape range,
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r;
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites from grateful hands their gen'rous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foes' designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!
'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife:
Then passion riots, reason then contends,
And on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends:
Life from the nice decision takes its hue,
And bless'd those judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend,
The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.
There are who, blind to Thought's fatiguing ray,
As Fortune gives examples urge their way;

Not Virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join;
In her's or Vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While passions lawless tides, at their command,
Glide thro' more useful tracks, and bless the land.
Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs, [flow'rs.
Chose Virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings,
The fittest to adorn each art she brings;
Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires,
Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry Muse inspires;
Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame!
In all that wins, in all that merits, fame!
'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd:
Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd,
Bless'd with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possest,
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;

The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd;
Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secur'd,
Or silent Ease with softer charms allur'd.
The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;
The silver flood that in meanders led
His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead;
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
Which, whilst they pleas'd, effeminate the mind;
In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
Th' imperial tow'rs of Fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' Fancy's puzzling maze
The sep'rate sweets of pleasure and of praise,
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade:
At once before his wond'ring eyes were seen
Two female forms of more than mortal mien:
Various their charms, and, in their dress and face
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd:
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty:
Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay,
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd,

She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks that sham'd the purple morn:
Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles:
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd, divine.
One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And in her hand th' imperial sword she bore.
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd while distant, but when near she charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
That, glitt'ring, quivers o'er a distant stream;
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And in its crystal bosom trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd:
Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace,
Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair, disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd;

The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes;
Expos'd her breast, with foreign sweets perfum'd,
And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling, blushing, lips conceal'd her wiles,
Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care;
Her thoughts to others' charms malignly blind,
Centred in that, and were to that confin'd;
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own:
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien;
Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms:
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
Such shone the vision, nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawless love;
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
Lifeless her gait, and slow; with seeming pain
She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain,
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
the swain.

So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight;
More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.
  Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid:
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd:
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began.
“Hither, dear Boy! direct thy wand'ring eyes;
“'Tis here the lovely Vale of Pleasure lies:
“Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
“Each sweet which Nature can diffuse is mine:
“For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,
“Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;
“To please my ear she tunes the linnet's strains;
“To please my eye with lilies paints the plains;
“To form my couch in mossy beds she grows;
“To gratify my smell perfumes the rose;
“Reveals the fair, the fertile, scene you see,
“And swells the vegetable world for me.
  “Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
“Where bleed the many to enrich the few;
“Where Chance from Courage claims the boasted prize;
“Where, tho' she gives, your country oft denies.
“Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
“And ever gently fight his soft campaign;

"His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
"Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.
"Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise
"And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes:
"Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
"A brighter lily on their necks appear;
"Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
"Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest;
"While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
"And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;
"Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
"And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.
"Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire
"Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
"At Sloth let War's victorious sons exclaim,
"In vain! for Pleasure is my real name:
"Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
"No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own;
"For well each op'ning scene that claims my care
"Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.
"Let others prune the vine: the genial bowl
"Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul.
"Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
"So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
"Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree,
"And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.
"For my lov'd train Apollo's piercing beam
"Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.

"See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
"Nor slight these gods, their blessings unenjoy'd.
"For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
"For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
"Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay,
"Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;
"Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
"Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field:
"Of Corinth's Order shall the structure rise,
"The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;
"Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
"Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
"Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
"Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.
"When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres
"Wake the gay Loves, and cite the young Desires;
"Or in th' Ionian dance some fav'rite maid
"Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
"Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms
"To feed on Virtue's visionary charms?
"Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage
"For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
"To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
"And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?
"O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
"And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me,
"She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
"You vow'd the wild extremities of love;

"In whose endearments years like moments flew;
"For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
"She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
"And tread with her the flow'ry tracks of time,
"Nor thus the lovely bloom of life bestow
"On some cold lover or insulting foe.
"Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
"Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
"What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
"What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!
  "See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
"Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid.
"And such her charms, as to the vain may prove
"Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love!
"There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
"Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain,
"Or none but what with equal sweets invite,
"Nor other arts but to prolong delight.
"Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
"To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
"To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
"To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen;
"To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
"And tell the charms, the sweet effects, of love!
"Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse,
"Nor think the Sisters will their aid refuse:
"Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
"Soft scenes of leisure, suit th' harmonious maids;

"And all the wise and all the grave decree
"Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.
"But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
"And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
"Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
"And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
"To thee all Nature's curious stores I 'll bring,
"Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
"The plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,
"Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
"The shell she scatters with more careless air,
"And in her frolics seems supremely fair;
"The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
"Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
"Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
"Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
"Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
"Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
"The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
"And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
"For thy repose inform, with rival joy,
"Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
"Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
"Till, lost in bliss, thou breathe thy soul away;
"Till she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
"Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."
She ceas'd, and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind;

One tender hand her drooping head sustains,
One points, expressive to the flow'ry plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul;
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the frost decays,
Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame,
Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,
And oft as Virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
'Twas such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd;
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove
For the soft reign of Dido and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires,
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.
"Fly, fly, fond Youth! the too indulgent maid,
"Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
"Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
"And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
"Tho' no gay rose or flow'ry product shine,
"The barren surface still conceals the mine.
"Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
"In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—

" Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
" Whence could fond Sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure?
" The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
" 'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
" I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store;
" I thro' each region latent gems explore:
" 'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
" By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd;
" 'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
" The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;
" Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,
" Without the firm supports of industry.
" But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
" The mossy grotto and the flow'ry lawn;
" Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
" And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
" Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
" And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
" To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
" Nor mossy grots nor flow'ry lawns could please,
" Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
" The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.
" Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
" Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
" Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture drains,
" And too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
" When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
" Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile;

"The form thou view'st to ev'ry scene with ease
"Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
"When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
"And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd,
"Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
"And call'd that desert Blissful Solitude!
"Nor I alone to such extend my care,
"Fair blooming Health surveys her altars there;
"Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
"And with reflected lustre gild the plains:
"With her, in flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
"Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside;
"One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine,
"And all obey their laws who practise mine.
"But Health averse, from Sloth's smooth region flies,
"And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies;
"Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
"Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes:
"A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear
"For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
"Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request incline,
"He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
"Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
"Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
"Where she, relentless, reigns without control,
"And checks each gay excursion of the soul;
"Unmov'd tho' Beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
"Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms,

"Till joyless indolence suggests desires,
"Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires;
"Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
"Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay:
"As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
"Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands.
"But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart!
"How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art!
"'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
"And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;
"And when my hero from his toils retires,
"Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
"And while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
"Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
"His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
"His sweetest music is the voice of Fame;
"Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
"How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.
"See Fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,
"And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
"Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise
"From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.
"Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire,
"The smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
"To fix the friend your service must be shown;
"All ere they lov'd your merit lov'd their own;
"That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
"That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,

"That books may praise, or coins record your name,
"Such, such rewards 't is toil alone can claim!
"And the same column which displays to view
"The conqu'ror's name, displays the conquest too.
"'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
"All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought:
"'Twas she the patriot, she the bard, refin'd
"In arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind.
"Not the vain visions of inactive schools,
"Not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,
"E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
"T'enrich his country or to serve his friends.
"On active worth the laurel War bestows;
"Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;
"Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies,
"Nor heaven its show'rs, without a sacrifice.
"See, far below such grov'lling scenes of shame
"As lull to rest Ignavia's slumb'ring dame;
"Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,
"Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure;
"Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,
"A youth enervate, and a painful age;
"A sickly sapless mass if Reason flies,
"And if she linger impotently wise!
"A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
"Invite old age, and revel youth away;
"From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
"And idly place it where they least can bear;

"When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
"What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
"When with lost health, what should the loss allay,
"Peace, peace is lost! a comfortless decay!
"But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure, flies,
"And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
"Thro' death's dark vista flow'ry tracks are seen,
"Elysian plains, and groves for ever green:
"If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
"Theirs is the present who can praise the past;
"Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,
"As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.
"Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
"How calm they glide into the port of Age!
"Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
"More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd:
"For health on age 't is temp'rance must bestow,
"And peace from piety alone can flow;
"And all the incense bounteous Jove requires
"Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.
"Sloth views the tow'rs of Fame with envious eyes,
"Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
"Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,
"The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
"Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
"Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze;
"She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
"And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.

“ Thus some fond insect's falt'ring pinions wave,
“ Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave;
“ And thus in vain these charming visions please
“ The wretch of glory and the slave of ease,
“ Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
“ Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

“ But shun her snares; nor let the world exclaim
“ Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
“ With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
“ Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd;
“ Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
“ Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
“ The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
“ To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;
“ And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
“ With which alive thy graceful brows were bound,
“ Till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
“ And raise a temple where it found a tomb. [join,
“ Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians
“ Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine:
“ Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire,
“ Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
“ Dulness, perhaps, thro' want of sight, may blame,
“ And Spleen, with odious industry, defame;
“ And that the honours given with wonder view,
“ And this in secret sadness own them due.
“ Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd
“ The rival tyrants which divide mankind;

“ Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear,
“ While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair:
“ For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,”
“ Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require:
“ Lov'd by the gods, and, till their feats I show,
“ Lov'd by the good, their images below.”
“ Cease, lovely Maid! fair daughter of the Skies!
“ My guide! my queen!” th' ecstatic youth replies:
“ In thee I trace a form design'd for sway,
“ Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey:
“ And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
“ Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
“ Lead me, O lead me! where whole hosts of foes
“ Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose.
“ Welcome all toils th' unequal Fates decree,
“ While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
“ Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
“ And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:
“ To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
“ And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
“ Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
“ And none but Envy riot unsubdu'd.
“ In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
“ Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
“ And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
“ Far less the friends of Virtue than the fools;
“ Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend,
“ For he is thine who proves his country's friend.

"Thus, when my life, well-spent, the good enjoy,
"And the mean envious labour to destroy;
"When, strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,
"I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
"If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
"O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of Fame!"
He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more;
Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic Pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,
While Error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd;
Not such the vict'ress Virtue's constant queen
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen;
Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own
'Twas all her wish, her int'rest, to be known;
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.
Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround;
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sick'ning splendour fades away.

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE:

OR, THE FATE OF DELICACY.

A Poem on the Temper and Studies of the Author; and how great a Misfortune it is for a Man of small Estate to have much Taste.

PART THE FIRST.

Perhaps some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
"On life's extended ocean sail;
"For happiness our course we bend,
"Our ardent cry, our general end!
"Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care
"Are, like the forms dispers'd in air,
"Still dancing near disorder'd eyes,
"And weakest his who best descries!"
Yet let me not my birthright barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wish what 's wanted,
Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted;
Extensive field! where poets pride them
In singing all that is deny'd them.)
For humble ease, ye Pow'rs! I pray;
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day,
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow,
To flaunt it—once a month or so.

The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye Pow'rs! for ever grant;
But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.
  Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well drest:
And if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste however.
  Alas! that wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons,
Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,
Would win the field, and sway mankind.
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaus,
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight, caress, and own him;
But ill-starr'd Sense, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tiptoe thro' the crowd;
Conveys his meagre form between,
And slides, like pervious air, unseen;
Contracts his known tenuity,
As tho' 't were ev'n a crime to be;
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there,
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,
Still seeming from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd to fly:
Yet while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath in its centre plac'd
His tawdry stock of painted paste.
Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill,
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill,
His pensive manner dulness deem'd,
His modesty reserve esteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train:
And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less prone than pebbles to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight,
Grow savage, quit their social nature,
And starve to study mutual satire.
But friends and fav'rites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas, between them;
Meet once a-year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.
Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side:

At hand, where'er I shape my course,
An useful, pliant, stalking-horse.
No gesture free from some grimace,
No seam without its share of lace,
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What tho' Vandyck had other rules?
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting but his mind;
Before a solitaire, behind
A twisted riband, like the track
Which Nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 't were,
His wisdom's slender wealth to share!
And whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.
This form attracting ev'ry eye,
I stroll all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;
Or, like a spunge ,absorbs the sallies
And pestilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the Templar's random wit;
Or, what some gentler cit lets fall,
As woolpacks quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking-horse.
O let me wander all unseen
Beneath the sanction of his mien!
As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as airpumps drain'd of air!
With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the Park*;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies, flocking there to feed;
And as my satire bursts amain,
See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain.
But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend
To these soft-winding vales descend,
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings;
And check me when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns:
For I in Damon's pray'r could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,
Are driv'n to mix with common air.

* St. James's.

PART THE SECOND.

How happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not,
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes
To plan frail castles in the skies!
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.
Ah! happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.
Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples gingled at his side,
And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportsman's girdle for a garter.
Whoever came to kill an hour
Found easy Damon in their pow'r,
Pure social Nature all his guide;
"Damon had not a grain of pride."
He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which Knav'ry plans, and Craft prepares,
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
And win their universal smiles:
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?
He wink'd at many a gross design
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes; Damon had a gen'rous spirit."

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile;
That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.
When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar,
A spy upon a hostile shore!
'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd.
His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r could show 'em;
The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em.
Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please,
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To show a softer word than folly.
Since Wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone,
He chose to trust in Folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.
At length grave Learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain:
The sons of Taste contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze,
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit,
And ev'ry kind well-natur'd sot
Seem'd a dull play without a plot.
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees
The willing creature strives to please;
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse;
'Twas true, conversing they averr'd
All they had seen, or felt, or heard;
Talents of weight! for wights like these
The law might choose for witnesses;
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill-suits a judge of conversation.
What were their freedoms *? mere excuses
To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,
So sure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage? but a loaded gun,
Machine the wise would wish to shun,
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In short, disgusted out of measure,
Thro' much contempt and slender pleasure,

* Boisterous mirth.

His sense of dignity returns:
With native pride his bosom burns;
He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
And laughter where it reigns uncheck'd,
Discards and dissipates respect:
The man who gravely bows enjoys it,
But shaking hands at once destroys it:
Precarious plant! which, fresh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
  Come then, Reserve! yet from thy train
Banish Contempt and curs'd Disdain.
Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,
To act the decent distant part;
To husband well my complaisance,
Nor let ev'n Wit too far advance;
But choose calm Reason for my theme,
In these her royal realms supreme,
And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown,
And each abrupter period crown'd
With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,
Till, rescu'd from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I rise with head elate, to share
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Respect is won by grave pretence
And silence, surer ev'n than sense—

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
Of Eastern—and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While Virtue's distant as Peru?
The sheathless sword the guard displays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays;
The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body than controls,
And wards contempt from royal souls.
  The crowns they wear but check the eye
Before it fondly pierce too nigh,
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of—the void.
O! 't is the statesman's craft profound
To scatter his amusements round,
To tempt us from their conscious breast,
Where full fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest;
Nor awes us ev'ry worth reveal'd,
So deeply as each vice conceal'd.
  The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted Wit's assistance;
Nay—had addresses from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more,
Productive of that gen'ral stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear,
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.
Romantic scenes of pendant hills,
And verdant vales and falling rills,
And mossy banks the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple Swain! was born.
The Dryads rear'd a shady grove,
Where such as think, and such as love,
May safely sigh their summer's day,
Or muse their silent hours away.
The Oreads lik'd the climate well,
And taught the level plain to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound;
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind as serpents do,
And having shewn them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
These Fancy, all-sagacious maid!
Had at their several tasks survey'd:

She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead,
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place,
And when she all its charms had shown,
Prescribe improvements of her own.
"See yonder hill, so green, so round,
"Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
"'Twould well become thy gentle care
"To raise a dome to Venus there;
"Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
"And Venus in their arms repay.
"'Twas such a shade and such a nook,
"In such a vale, near such a brook,
"From such a rocky fragment springing,
"That fam'd Apollo chose to sing in;
"There let an altar wrought with art
"Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
"How charming there to muse and warble
"Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
"With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
"That crown a poet's vast desire:
"Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
"Where Music's charming maids * may dwell,
"Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
"And make thee many an assignation.
"Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
"Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;

* The Muses.

"There let her awful turrets rise,
"(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes)
"There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
"Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear;
"And who would shun the pleasing labour,
"To have Minerva for his neighbour?"
In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call'd in question;
And Damon dream'd he saw the Fauns
And Nymphs distinctly skim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again,
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid panting—and pursuing—
"Fancy, enchanting Fair!" he cry'd,
"Be thou my goddess, thou my guide;
"For thy bright visions I despise
"What foes may think or friends advise.
"The feign'd concern when folks survey
"Expense, time, study, cast away;
"The real spleen with which they see;
"I please myself, and follow thee."
Thus glow'd his breast, by Fancy warm'd,
And thus the fairy landscape charm'd:
But most he hop'd his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,
He thus the soft design betray'd.

"Ye Doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
"With melting lays salute my love!
"My Delia with your notes detain,
"Or I have rear'd the grove in vain.
"Ye flow'rs! which early spring supplies,
"Display at once your brightest dyes,
"That she your op'ning charms may see,
"Or what were else your charms to me?
"Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
"And shed its odours round my bow'r,
"Or ne'er again, O gentle Wind!
"Shall I in thee refreshment find.
"Ye Streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
"If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
"May each soft murmur sooth my fair,
"Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.
"Be sure, ye Willows! you be seen
"Array'd in liveliest robes of green,
"Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
"And let them fade around my brows.
"And thou, my Grot! whose lonely bounds
"The melancholy pine surrounds,
"May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
"Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."
And now the lofty domes were rear'd,
Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.
"See, Neighbours! what our Damon's doing;
"I think some folks are fond of ruin!

"I saw his sheep at random stray—
"But he has thrown his crook away—
"And builds such huts as, in foul weather,
"Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."
Whence came the sober swain misled?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head:
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tuns of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be so vain on 't,
I think he 'll never touch a grain on 't.
And if from Phœbus and his Muse
Mere earthly laziness ensues,
'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
The dev'l inspires as well as they.
So they—while fools of grosser kind,
Less weeting what our bard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil,
That in these haunts he met the devil.
He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain;
For dulness—tho' he might abhor it,
In them he made allowance for it;
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottoes,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottoes,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.
But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?

Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his pray'r?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structure shone complete,
Not much convenient, wondrous neat,
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah, me! ('t was Damon's own confession)
Came Poverty and took possession.

PART THE FOURTH.

Why droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which ev'ry critic eye admires?
'Tis Poverty, detested maid!
Sole tenant of their ample shade;
'Tis she that robs him of his ease,
And bids their very charms displease.
But now, by Fancy long controll'd,
And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful to commence
First minister to Common-sense;
Far more elated to pursue
The lowest talk of dear vertû.
And now behold his lofty soul
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elab'rate flow'r,
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!

Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild solicitudes of love!
Now in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!
As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day,
Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,
As most might glad the new-born flow'r,
So fate ordain'd—before his eye—
Starts up the long-sought butterfly,
While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold
Celestial crimson dropp'd with gold.
Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair!
The living beauty claims his care:
For this he strips—nor bolt nor chain
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.
See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,
Where'er the speckled game is found,
Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue,
And totter tow'rds the prey in view.
Nor rock nor stream his steps retard,
Intent upon the bless'd reward!
One vassal fly repays the chase!
A wing, a film, rewards the race!
Rewards him, tho' disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit end.
So fierce Camilla skimm'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain;

She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear nor danger,
Till deep within her panting heart
Malicious Fate impell'd the dart.
How studious he what fav'rite food
Regales Dame Nature's tiny brood!
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liqueurs they choose to tipple!
Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,
And raise with drugs the sick'ning tribe!
Or haply, when their spirits falter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
When Nature's brood of insects dies,
See how he pimps for am'rous flies!
See him the timely succour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or see him guard their pregnant hour,
Exert his soft obstetric pow'r,
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!
O Wilks*! what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours and thy praise?
Immortal Sage! by Fate decreed
To guard the moth's illustrious breed!
Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

* Alluding to moths and butterflies, delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expensive proposals.

And must we praise this taste for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys.
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more!
Resign your moths—the season 's o'er;
'Tis time more social joys to prove,
'Twere now your nobler task to love.
Let ***'s eyes more deeply warm,
Nor slighting Nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine
Tow'rds the mean love of Nature's vermine.
But, ah! how wondrous few have known
To give each stage of life its own.
'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To please the child whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes;
And few, but with regret, assume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.
Ah! let not me by fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days;
Like him who should in armour spend
The sums that armour should defend.
Awhile in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r
We share her smiles and bless her pow'r,
But find at last we vainly strive
To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame
Have long pursu'd the faithless dame,
Forsake her soft abodes awhile,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile;
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
The footpath road, the king's highway:
No more the scrup'lous charmer tease,
But seek the roofs of honest Ease;
The rival fair no more pursu'd,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her ev'ry art essay
To win you to her slighted sway,
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.
But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease and pleasure too?
Would you, thro' all your days, dispense
The joys of reason and of sense?
Or give to life the most you can?
Let social virtue shape the plan:
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire?
Yet midst the group be some preferr'd,
Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd;
And such there are—of fair address—
As 't were unsocial to caress.

O learn by Reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave or fool;
Then tho' you deem it better still
To gain some rustic 'squire's good will,
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile,
Yet Reason holds it for a crime
The trivial breast should share thy time;
And Virtue with reluctant eyes
Beholds this human sacrifice!
  Thro' deep reserve and air erect
Mistaken Damon won respect,
But could the specious homage pass
With any creature but an ass?
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs enclose
Where Persian monarchs eat and doze!
What prostrate rev'rence all agree
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne;
The Sophi's virtues must be shown
To make the reverence his own.
  As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her:
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy pensive hours befriend;

Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain,
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,
And bind thine aching head with flow'rs.
But be this previous maxim known—
If thou canst feed on Love alone,
If, bless'd with her, thou canst sustain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain;
If so—then rifle all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces!

Too soon, by caitiff spleen inspir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd,
The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
Retirement claims a later season,
Ere active youth and warm desires
Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.
With the warm bosom ill agree
Or limpid stream or shady tree;
Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,
And claims the speculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;
Ev'n social Friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere.
Does he resist their genuine force?
His temper takes some froward course,
Till passion, misdirected, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!

Far happiest he whose early days,
Spent in the social paths of praise,
Leave fairly printed on his mind
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund the mem'ry draws
The lasting meed of self-applause.
Such fair ideas lent their aid
To people the sequester'd shade:
Such are the Naiads, Nymphs, and Fauns,
That haunt his floods or cheer his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble strays,
He Virtue's radiant form surveys,
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe *;
To shew him her remote abode,
To point the rocky arduous road;
But from each flow'r his fields allow
She twines a garland for his brow.

* Alluding to—The allegory in Cebes's Tablet.

ECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

Insanis; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliosque vides. MART.

IMITATION.

--------Thou knowest not what thou sayest;
In garments that scarce fence them from the cold
Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

PART THE FIRST.

To you, ye Bards! whose lavish breast requires
This monitory lay, the strains belong;
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly Zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inspires the meanest of the Muse's train!
Like you I loath the grov'lling progeny,
Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on Pow'r's tyrannic throne,
To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
And spurn successless Worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the social sons
Of wine and wit regaling! hark, he joins
In the free jest delighted! seems to shew
A meliorated heart! he laughs, he sings

Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems, set agape the board,
Like Demea*, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till Micio wonder; or, in Shakspere's line,
Obstrep'rous Silence †, drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff and his mad compeers.
He owns 't is prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow, to let his purse
Ope to a sixpence's diameter.
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasance, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society,
But what art thou? Alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself:
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp,
Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we,
Its flamens, boast to guard: we know not how,
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.
True, thou seem'st chang'd; all sainted, all ensky'd:
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind:
But all is false! an intermitting sigh

* In Terence's Adelphi.

† Justice Silence, in Shakspere's *Henry IV.* 2d part.

Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.
Ev'n for a demi-groat this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast,
Revibrates quick, and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls
Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou Caitiff! fly;
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster ingrate! beneath one common sky
Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common roof
Thou ne'er shalt harbour, nor my little boat
Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
Go to thy bags, thou Recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
With social purport, bid, or ev'n or morn,
Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,
And, ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,
And fill their laps with gold, till Want and Care
With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."
Ah! never, never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! Poets, ever void
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
The rival scale of int'rest kicks the beam,

Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn:
We loathe with justice; but, alas! the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!
  But 'tis not Gomez; 'tis not he whose heart
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse
Intensely loathes. 'Tis sure no equal task
To pardon him who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
But human merit: who with gold essays
All but the noblest pleasure, to remove
The wants of Genius, and its smiles enjoy.
  But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,
Permit him not in distant solitudes
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
Of active youth; then Virtue pants for praise.
That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest Gay,
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,

Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
Or scorns perceiv'd and execrates the smile
Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treach'rous hopes
And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—
 Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate
In endless war, beneath their flags enrol
The vassal world: this Avarice is nam'd,
That Luxury: 't is true their partial friends
Assign them softer names: usurpers both!
That share by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just Economy; yet both betray'd
By fraudful ministers. The niggard chief
List'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires, while Luxury, a chief
Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flatt'ring sounds
Engross his ear; 'tis Plenty's smiling form
Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
The perjur'd minion: he, secure of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.
 Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
Than fops take snuff! whose economic care

Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds,
Lovely as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop
Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough,
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
Were by a splendid successor supply'd
Instant, spontaneous, listen to my lays;
For 't is not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expense
Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul:
These with officious care and fatal art
Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
Of Chloe soften; these the glare of dress
Illume, the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of Pow'r.
  Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
That he who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
Should with unsated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
When Fancy's vivid spark impels the soul

To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
Of balmy Med'cine's various field aspires
The bless'd refrigerant? Vain, ah! vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
Incessant rapture; life a tedious load
Deny'd its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? philosophy requires
No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fl[illegible],
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
Ev'n mild Stupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud
For costly draughts, inundate bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement, seas of bliss,
Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!
  And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand
In Pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:
And yet, unless Economy's consent
Legitimate expense, some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
Burst like a pimple from the vicious [illegible]ide

Of acid blood, proclaiming Want's disease
Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream,
Slow-loit'ring in its channel, seems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy pow'r,
Vain-glorious, empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!
  I not aspire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
But ere self-flatt'ry sooth the vivid breast
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
Reflect how few who charm'd the list'ning ear
Of satrap or of king her smiles enjoy'd!
Consider well what meagre alms repaid
The great Mæonian! sire of tuneful song,
And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,
And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream,
And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
"To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse,
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
Which of your boasted race might hope reward
Like loyal Butler, when the lib'ral Charles,
The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,
Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
The poet's parasite; but learn alone

To spare the scanty boon the Fates decree.
Poet and rich! 't is solecism extreme!
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,
The latent seeds and principles of want
Has Nature wove, and Fate confirm'd the clue.
  Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
Of Penury: with nice precision learn
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
That marks th' expense of each revolving year
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
To slight frugality, assure thine heart
That danger 's near. This perishable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty;
It fetters misers, but it must alone
Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world,
Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.
  Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien,
Furrow'd with age and care, the wise adore,
The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores
To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,

Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?
Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast
Of youth unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for, sure, to youthful eyes,
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either side
The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
Profusely smiling: well might youth essay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the livelong day,
But Fate assents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care!
O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song.
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the frequent stage,
It barely vegetates; nor long the space
Ere, robb'd of warmth, its arid trunk display
Fell Winter's total reign. O lovely source
Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds
Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
As fost'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth
Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
The social bias. Life's extensive page,
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems:
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,
Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
Of short duration, soon in Fortune's beams
Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.
But who shall save, by tame prosaic strain,
That glowing breast where wit with youth conspires
To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam
Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

PART THE SECOND.

In some dark season, when the misty show'r
Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky,
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
Invites thee forth to sport thy drooping Muse,
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign
The worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
She smiles well-pleas'd when wit and mirth recede,
And not a Grace and not a Muse will hear.
Then from majestic Maro's awful strain,

Or tow'ring Homer, let thine eye descend
To trace, with patient industry, the page
Of income and expense: and, oh! beware
Thy breast, self-flatt'ring, place no courtly smile,
No golden promise of your faithless Muse,
Nor latent mine which Fortune's hand may shew,
Amid thy solid store: The Siren's song
Wrecks not the list'ning sailor half so sure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of Want, detested, steals along,
And bars each fatal pass! Some few short hours
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,
On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.
  But if too soon before the tepid gales
Thy resolution melt, and ardent vows,
In wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies,
Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare is won, the song proceeds.
  Know, too, by Nature's undiminish'd law
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all,
Attract, and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes is found

The kind propensity; and when they meet
And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith;
That should the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.
  Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm,
Let soft Profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with Poverty: nor here desist,
Till o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou sing loud hymenéals. Let the pride
Of outward show in lasting leagues combine
With shame threadbare; the gay vermilion face
Of rash Intemp'rance be discreetly pair'd
With sallow Hunger: the licentious joy
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breast, sagacious Prudence! shall connect
With filth and beggary, nor disdain to link
With black Insolvency. Thy soul, alarm'd,
Shall shun the Siren's voice, nor boldly dare
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.
  Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grov'ling minds!
I frame the song for you; for you the Muse

Could other rules impart. The friendly strain,
For gentler bosoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship all destroy.
 It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
Increase apace by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors: their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks,
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;
His timely hand thro' better tracks conveys
The quick-decreasing tide, ere borne along
Or thro' the wild morass, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctifies expense
By present pay; who subjects not his fame
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!

There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heav'n's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record, till nor Phœbus' self,
Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage:
Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
He loads the gentle Muse, then hurls thee down,
To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.
  Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why, alas! to breathe
A moment's space where ev'ry breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas, o'er the flow'ry fields
Of show diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
Economy presents her glass, accept
The faithful mirror, pow'rful to disclose
A thousand forms unseen by careless eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with ev'ry sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense; Extortion follows close
Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass

Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her lab'ring son the 'vengeful pow'rs
That urg'd the fall of Ilium she display'd:
He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend;
"The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuffboxes,
"The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
"With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
"Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
"Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust
Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn
Of lace, embroid'ry, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop and essenc'd beau,
Ferocious, with a Stoic's frown disclose
Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair
Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;
These are the realms of luxury and show,
No classic soil; away! the bloomy spring

Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native shades, and dread, ev'n there,
Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelio's mien:
Why treads my friend with melancholy step
That beauteous lawn? why, pensive, strays his eye
O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glitt'ring thro' the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,
Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
Springs this remorseful gloom? Is conscious guilt
The latent source of more than love's despair?
It cannot be within that polish'd breast,
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there.
No: 't is the sad survey of present want
And past profusion! lost to him the sweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm
For other eyes; or if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expense! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere Expense
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease!

Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
Nobly superior! but let Caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And Prudence be our almoner. Alas!
The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! not disdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth, the destin'd means
To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
Ah! let not us, who tread this stranger world,
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is merc'nary, nor waste
His fare ere landed on no venal shore.
Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him with no ingrateful Muse
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plann'd the skylight, which to lavish bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray;
For garrets him, and squalid walls, await,
Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain
He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careless poets, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The plaything of Comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their aërial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal,
'Mid these one subtler artist he descry'd,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,
The Melksham weavers! Here in ev'ry nook
Their wefts they spun, here revell'd uncontroll'd,
And like the flags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd.
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand, broom never comes,
That comes to all, o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
Curtains subfusk, and save th' expense of art.

Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journies crawl;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of certain Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Mean-time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
Perchance of tabby, or of barrateen,
Not ill expressive; such the pow'r of snails!

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliag'd velvet, pleasing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudful couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd,
The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The trav'ller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flow'rs,
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye
Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine.
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noonday nap. Ah! much deceiv'd,
Much suff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noonday nap

Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morass
In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf enclos'd!
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
Where 'mid machines of het'rogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not diff'rent have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd a coffin; on each sable side
The texture unmolested seems entire;
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away,
And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare,
And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaus
And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt retains
Full many a pin wide sparkling: for if e'er
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
The cure of rents and separations dire,
And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate

To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent use decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
See near his bed (his bed, too falsely call'd
The Place of Rest, while it a bard sustains,
Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
Radiant machine! when from the plastic hand
Of Mulciber, the may'r of Birmingham,
The engine issu'd; now, alas! disguis'd
By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down
Its sides congeal: what he, perhaps, essays,
With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree,
Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?
How shall I sing the various ills that wait
The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
The shifts enormous that in vain he forms

To patch his paneless window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill retentive vase!
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
Invades his chattels; Ruin will invade,
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
Allow one part to decorate his song;
While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand,
Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his Study calls,
Pompous and vain! for thus he might deem
His chest a wardrobe, purse a treasury;
And shews, to crown her full display, himself;
One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health
And wonted vigour, of paternal cot
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet fram'd, yet fram'd not to repine,
And wish the cobler's loftiest site his own;
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,
Who to the humbler mechanism join'd
Goods so superior; such exalted bliss!
See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd

That care-defying sonnet which implies
His debts discharg'd, and he of half-a-crown
In full possession, uncontested right
And property! Yet, ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,
As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal, or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolish; choose the trustier flail,
And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.
But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
Prescient of future dignities, salute
Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, secure; nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! he perchance shall rise
To nobler heights than foresight can decree.
When fir'd with wrath for his intrigues display'd
In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race,
Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus; "Bards," he said,
"Henceforth of plenty, wealth and pomp debarr'd,
"But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
"Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

THE RUIN'D ABBEY:

OR, THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

At length fair Peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.
Happy the bard who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd,
Or o'er the glassy surface with his friend,
Or faithful fair, thro' bord'ring willows green
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts
Or taunts, the rhet'ric of the wat'ry crew
That ape confusion from the realms they rule;
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,
And tempt the sun, ambitious to display
Their several merit, while the vocal flute
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.
If solitude his wand'ring steps invite
To some more deep recess (for hours there are
When gay, when social minds, to Friendship's voice
Or Beauty's charm her wild abodes prefer),

How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,
Yet Virtue pleas'd at intervals, retires:
Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles, in early life,
Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd;
Then like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
And this mine answer; "Thus, 'twas thus I thought,
"My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;
"Thus will I think averse to listen more
"To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
"Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
"My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
"Too sure its own infirmities declare.
"But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
"And early foresight: now the winds may rise,

" The tempest whistle, and the billows roar ;
" My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
" Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
" Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
" Sees the strong vessel fluctuate, less secure."
Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
And see betwixt the grove's extended arms
An Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day sun : with ling'ring step
Produce thine axe (for, aiming to destroy
Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
Too long deliberate), with tim'rous hand
Remove th' obstructive bough ; nor yet refuse,
Tho' sighing, to destroy that fav'rite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman sire,
The rigid Manlius, when his conqu'ring son
Bled by a parent's voice, the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour timelessly display'd ;
Nor cease till, thro' the gloomy load, the pile
Gleam unobstructed : thither oft thine eye
Shall sweetly wander ; thence returning, sooth
With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.
These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O Superstition ! hence the dire disease
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest

Were a short head-ache, were the trivial pain
Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.
Long time she rang'd, and scarce a southern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.
Where then was truth to sanctify the page
Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks
And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
With hellish emulation: if a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted [faith?
The sov'reign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.
With thee, Plantagenet*! from civil broils
The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave,
Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd crosier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince

* Henry II.

Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,
Firm and erect, the peevish priest exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
And see him dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends!
Was Cœur-de-Lion * bless'd with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the crusade; and see! of half his stores
Despoil'd the wretch whose wiser bosom chose
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty Longchamp † 'mid his liv'ry'd files
Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign wilds; collecting wide
A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.
Oh! dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts
His drooping realm to pluck the barren sprays!
When faithless John usurp'd the sully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n, its foe! Six tedious years
Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd
The sov'reign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant

* Richard I. † Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durst invade; be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
  Scarce had the tortur'd ear, dejected, heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain;
Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
He reads damnation; sees its sable train
Of grim attendants pencil'd by Despair!
  The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arriv'd, his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep, sickens at the sight
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.
  The wretch, whose hope by stern Oppression chas'd
From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw
Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n,
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;
While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose.
Some from their deathbed, whose delirious faith

Thro' ev'ry stage of life to Rome's decrees
Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
The last loud clarion sound, and Heav'n's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd,
That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field;
Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!
No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure,
Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!
The priest, alas! so boundless was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn:
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride and mightier lust of pow'r!
'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads [hand
With nice precision, felt the deeper wound,
As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.
Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpless, in the dreary gulf involv'd,
And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,
In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
Of some proud cliff surveys his less'ning flock
In snowy groups diffusive scud the vale.
Awhile the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
Allegiance, sick'ning, saw its sov'reign yield
An angry prey to scruples not his own.
The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard
His sov'reign's right, impalsy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
For foul desertion, drops the lifted steel,
And quits Fame's noble harvest, to expire
The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!
At length, fatigu'd with wrongs, the servile king
Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores
To buy remission. But could these obtain?
No! resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd,
Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave
His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd, before!
And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,
The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the sacred doors

Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
Of sainted villany! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land
That sigh'd for bread! 'T is thus the Indian clove
Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r,
And sheds its odours, while the flocks around,
Hungry and faint the barren sands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil,
Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
And furnish luxury—Yes, yet in vain
Britannia strove, and whether artful Rome
Caress'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,
And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd, the land.
At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art,
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.
Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate
Pontific fury: English wealth exhaust,
The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore
Grim with Italian usurers, prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.
For now with more extensive havoc rag'd
Relentless Greg'ry, with a thousand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the Muse repeat how oft he blew

* Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

The Croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gross hoards of Henry or his own:
Nor shall she tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
If British kings, by legal oath restrain'd:
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
Oh, irksome days! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft to gull their native land!
Such was our fate while Rome's director, taught
Of subjects born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
Forc'd from its scabbard, and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war!
And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
Of gen'ral darkness. Grosted * now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with Reason's sword
Stagg'ring delusion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd

* Bishop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

No vulgar soul, that dar'd to Heav'n appeal!
But, ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
Of monks libidinous, ere Edward's care
The lavish hand of deathbed Fear restrain'd.
Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint?
He, too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!
  Yes, the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
Could Superstition quell! before the tow'rs
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!
  But still the Night, by Romish art diffus'd,
Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes;
When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliff rose; and while the bigot pow'r
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
Secure, awhile his recreant life sustain'd,
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.
  Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterprising age!
An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
For 't is not radiant suns, the jovial hours

Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
The light, the radiance, that pervades the soul,
And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings, by force uprais'd,
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
And seek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
The most extended breast, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards' cry
Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
Their shrieks endur'd! O stain to martial praise!
When Cobham, gen'rous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!
'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
Her verdant vallies and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All Nature's beauties in one form display'd,

And centring there, in wild amaze he stood;
Then only envying Heav'n's creative hand,
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.
And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till pow'r accede; till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause; Tudor! whose tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolsey rose, by Nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.
Then from its tow'ring height with horrid sound
Rush'd the proud Abbey: then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low
An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd
Imbibe the novel daylight, and expose,
Obvious, the fraudful engin'ry of Rome.
As tho' this op'ning earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder, abash'd to find their cheats display'd,
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic, whose revengeful stroke
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign,
When from the tend'rest breast each wayward priest
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!
When Cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,
And bound Religion there, and fir'd the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
O bless'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driv'n to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
The[illegible]h her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continu'd task
Of righteous havoc, cov'ring distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile,
While thro' the land the musing pilgrim sees
A track of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd,
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum sylvae, ditissima terra
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Haemus,
Laudibus Angligenum certent; non Bactra, nec Indi,
Totaque turriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

IMITATION.

Yet let not Median woods (abundant track!)
Nor Ganges* fair, nor Haemus†, miser-like,
Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vie
With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian Bactra§,
Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's|| sands,
Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

Let the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron and her orange groves.
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
May view with envy; these Iberian dames
Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.
  Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn

* *Ganges*—the greatest river, which divides the Indies in two parts.

† *Hæmus*—an high mountain, dividing Thrace and Thessaly.

§ *Bactra*—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

|| *Panchaia*—a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful in frankincense and various spices; remarkable also for its many towers and lofty buildings.

The British lyre; then chiefly, if the Muse,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,
And in less grov'lling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest Maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
No race more splendent, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride!
She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, gen'rous youth! with no penurious hand
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men or eye of day!
Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn; the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
Than storm or foe; if haply she might find
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless, fond essay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe,
The tender lute he gave; she not averse,

Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!
  Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd
By guardian cares, repays them with a song,
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.
  The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one, nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown; a fever came,
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale;
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her, torn by swifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.
  Sometimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,
She taught her artful needle to display
The various pride of spring; then swift upsprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy Loves; some pluck the flow'r,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.

'Twas paint, 't was life! and sure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.
Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd
The royal scroll, which to their native home,
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
To glad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
"Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
"Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
"The fost'ring breeze, and Nature change her laws."
And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths,
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,
How justly theirs who find no foreign sweets
To dissipate their loves or match their own.
Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid!
Was doubly captive; pow'r nor chance could loose
The subtle bands; she lov'd the gen'rous foe;

She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
Could term her native shore; her native shore
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.
  The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyons' azure wing,
With flight auspicious, skimm'd the placid main.
  On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore
Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove
To banish passion; now the vassal days,
The captive moments, that so smoothly past
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,
To paint her captive state; if any fraud
Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.
  But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch
On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair pris'ner. She, soon as she heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame, but with a spreading blush
And rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.
  "Yes, gen'rous youth! I see thy bosom glow

" With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
" To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
" And ev'ry longing relative, restore
" A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
" But know, my Soldier! never, youthful mind,
" Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense
" By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
" To languish out his bloom, could match the pains
" This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
  " What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,
" From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
" From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
" That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r
" To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
" Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul:
" Ev'n that I loathe: all liberty I loathe!
" But most the joyless privilege to gaze
" With cold indifference where desert is love.
  " True, I was born an alien to those eyes
" I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
" And, ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
" To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
" Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
" With custom's load beneath its weight expire.
  " Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
" To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd,
" To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
" That e'er Caprice invented, Custom wore,
" Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

"Perhaps by birth decreed, by Fortune plac'd
"Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
"Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
"My tend'rest glances but the specious flow'rs,
"That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
"And can the trembling candidate of love
"Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
"By ties of grateful duty bound ensnare?
"Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
"For Love to wear, to dark Deceit unknown?
"Heav'n search my soul! and if thro' all its cells
"Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile,
"Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
"May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour
"Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
"Ah me! nor Henry's nor his country's foe,
"On thee I gaz'd, and Reason soon dispell'd
"Dim Error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
"Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
"Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
"'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
"The Loves, the Graces, play, and bless'd the soil
"That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues form'd
"Thy gen'rous breast, theLoves, theGraces, plann'd
"Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay'd
"Their partial pow'r in vain; again I gaz'd,
"And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a track

"Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
"And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd,
"To paint the genius of thy native shore. 182
"'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling scene
"Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
"Iberia glows; but ah! the genial sun
"That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,
"On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast! 186
"Beams forth ungentle influences. There
"Sits Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
"Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
"Not such thy charming region; long before 190
"My sweet experience taught me to decide
"Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine
"Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn, [ear.
"Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
"The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
"First, best supports of liberty and love! 196
"No, let subjected India, while she throws
"O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
"Long as I heard, or ere in story read
"Of English fame, my biass'd partial breast 200
"Wish'd them success: and happiest she, I cry'd,
"Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
"The fame, the virtues, of an English lord.
"And now, what shall I say? Bless'd be the hour
"Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores:
"Bless'd, did I say, the time? if I may bless 206

"That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
"Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
"Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
"The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
"And yet Iberia's sons, with ev'ry vow
"Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
"Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
"And love her just desert, who sues for love,
"But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.
"Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
"Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
"On honest Fame amid his train to bear
"A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
"Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
"That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul,
"From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
"A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies
"When elements discordant vex the sky,
"Shall, blushing, from the form she loves retire.
"Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice
"Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
"In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
"Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms
"Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless
"And force from tender eyes the silent tear; [deep,
"When Mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
"In full contrast the safe domestic scene
"For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage

"Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the female mind,
"When steel'd by love, in Love's most horrid way,
"Beholds not danger, or, beholding, scorns.
"Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love!"
She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:
There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.
"Forgive me, gen'rous maid!" the youth return'd,
"If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
"To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
"Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
"Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow:
"But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
"To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
"Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave,
"To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
"My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
"Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
"The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath,
"Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil:
"If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade
"The blissful union, with my latest breath
"To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
"This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
"No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
"To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
"Here shall I leave, with fair events elate,

“ Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?
“ Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone
“ Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?
“ And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
“ Shall swell her breast, with ecstasies convey
“ Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
“ No! may the deep my villain corse devour,
“ If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
“ If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
“ If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
“ Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
“ Demand what honour, faith, and love, denies.”
“ Oh! happy she,” rejoin'd the pensive maid,
“ Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
“ And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
“ Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
“ Farewell, my luckless hopes! my flatt'ring dreams
“ Of rapt'rous days! my guilty suit, farewell!
“ Yet fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
“ That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
“ Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames;
“ They love with caution, and with happier stars.
“ And, oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
“ Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
“ By merit rais'd, by gratitude approv'd,
“ By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,
“ Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
“ Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

"These radiant gems, which burnish Happiness,
"But mock Misfortune, to thy fav'rite's hand
"With care convey; and well may such adorn
"Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
"The source of ev'ry transport, but disgrace
"My pensive breast, which, doom'd to lasting wo,
"In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resign.
"And now, farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
"Of English merit! Peace, content, and joy,
"And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!
"Attend, ye smiling Train! this gallant mind
"Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
"His ev'ning pillow, dance around his groves,
"And where he treads with vi'lets paint his way:
"But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
"Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
"Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame;
"There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
"My constant orisons. The wanton Loves
"And gay Desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs,
"And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
"That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
"Her shortest pray'r ere Henry's dear success
"The warmest accent of her zeal employ."
Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind,
Impartial, scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs, dress, and face and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.

He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, weary'd Heav'n with pray'rs
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.
He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditae voces, vagitus et ingens
Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo. VIRG.

IMITATION.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

Advertisement.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his Works.

I.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

III.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle wo;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low,
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door impris'ning board is seen.
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenements betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snowe,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

VII.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely Peace of Mind, and decent Order dwell.

* The south west wind, south, &c. &c.

VIII.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

IX.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same:
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

XI.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew.
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fainwould sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

XII.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found,
And lavender whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

XIII.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driv'n from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here.
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er return.

XVI.

In elbowchair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate, and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

XIX.

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

* Spenser.

XX.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see;
All playful as she sate she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

XXI.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing wo.

XXII.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim, [claim.
And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke pro-

XXIII.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care;
By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey,
And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet!

XXIV.

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

XXV.

His face besprent, with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic Pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

XXVI.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

XXVII.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

XXIX.

And this perhaps who cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

XXXIII.

Here, as each season yields a diff'rent store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care.

XXXIV.

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season, do those cakes abide
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known*.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cakes display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling regions stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

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